Carmina Cœli

Songs on Heaven.

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Songs on Heaven.

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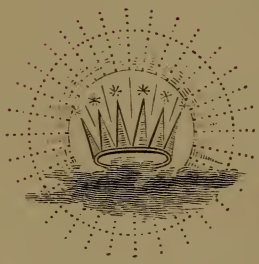
OR,

SONGS ON HEAVEN.



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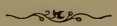
I.

THE GLORIES OF HEAVEN.



Oh, how beautiful that region,
And how fair that heavenly legion,
Where thus men and angels blend!
Glorious will that city be,
Full of deep tranquillity,
Light and peace from end to end.

Thomas à Kempis.

SONGS ON HEAVEN.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

"THAT GREAT CITY, THE HOLY JERUSALEM, DESCENDING OUT OF HEAVEN FROM GOD."—Rev. xxi. 10.

JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.

I know not, oh! I know not
What joys await us there,—
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr-throng.

The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

Tr. by Rev. John M. Neale.

Heaven the Home of Love and Beauty.

"His Rest shall be Glorious." — Isa. xi. 10.

THERE is a glorious land afar,
Beyond the brightest burning star,
Where peace interminably reigns;
Where soft and balmy breezes blow,
And golden rivers gently flow,
And gladness smiles o'er all the plains.

No grovelling thought, no treacherous smile,
No word unkind, no act of guile,
Will e'er disturb the sacred rest:
On every peaceful brow will shine
A living beauty all divine,
And love pervade the sinless breast.

D. C. Colesworthy. — [1810.]

Note. — Mr. Colesworthy is the author of the sweet lyric, —

"A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere."

A Glance at the Glories of Heaven.

"On either side of the river was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits."—Rev. xxii. 2.

A LIGHT streams downward from the sky,
An open door the radiance shows,
Through which the ransomed spirits fly,
To enter bliss no mortal knows.

Girded with gladness in that home,
No soul its sackcloth ever wears;
No sickness, griefs, or fears can come,
No burdened heart with heavy cares.

A tree of life, with pleasant shade,
Grows in that upper paradise:
Renewed from Eden's early glade,
Its various fruit each want supplies.

I am weary of loving what passes away:
The sweetest, the dearest, alas! may not stay.
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love:
Oh! when shall I rest in thy presence above?
I am weary; but oh! let me never repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

The Gates of Heaven Ajar.

"THE GLORY THAT SHALL BE REVEALED UNTO US."—Rom. viii. 28.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond Death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But bloom in life eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers:
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision;
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes those gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fairy sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And, while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide, the wandering, wayworn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.

MISS NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

The Lamb the Glory of Heaven.

"THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF."—Rev. xxi. 23.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love and life and rest.

O one, O only mansion!
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.

The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

ST. BERNARD DE CLUGNY.

Rest in the Mansions.

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS: IF IT WERE NOT SO, I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU."—John xiv. 2.

THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far, beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies,—
My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared, by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.

When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side, —
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide, —
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete.
There, there, adieus are sounds unknown:
Death frowns not on that scene;
But life and glorious beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene.

ROBERT TURNBULL.

Heaven and Earth Contrasted.

"Great is your Reward in Heaven." — Matt. v. 13.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given.
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow:
There's nothing true but heaven.

And false the light on glory's plume
As fading hues of even;
And love and hope and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb:
There's nothing bright but heaven.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way:
There's nothing calm but heaven.

Thomas Moore. — [1780–1852.]

Where is Heaven?

"Eye hath not seen, nor Ear heard, neither have entered into the Heart of Man, the Things which God hath prepared for Them that love Him." — 1 Cor. ii. 9.

I HEAR thee speak of a better land:
Thou call'st its children a happy band.
Mother, oh! where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother! — that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its deathless bloom;
Beyond the clouds, beyond the tomb, —
It is there, it is there, my child!"

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS. — [1794–1835.]

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED WHEN I AWAKE IN THY LIKENESS." — Ps. vii. 15.

THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love, —
An everlasting temple;
And saints arrayed in white
There serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In Godlike majesty?
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

Is this the Man of sorrows,
  Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemned by haughty Herod,
  And by his men of war?
He seems a mighty conqueror,
  Who spoiled the powers below,
And ransomed many captives
  From everlasting woe!

ANONYMOUS.

Heaven a Land of Peerless Beauty.

"WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS."—1 John iii. 2.

THERE'S a land of peerless beauty,
  And of glory all untold,
Where no shadow ever falleth;
  Where no sunny face grows old;
Where the crystal river floweth,
  With the tree upon its banks,
And with love each bosom gloweth
  In the bright celestial ranks.

Oh! to reach that land of gladness
Be it all my soul's desire:
Amid scenes of joy or sadness,
Upward still I would aspire.
Brief the pang my heart that rendeth,
Brief the joy that swells it here;
But the rapture never endeth
Of that pure and blessed sphere.

There is Jesus, my Redeemer,
With the many crowns he wears,
And the scars of earthly wounding, —
Precious tokens which he bears:
There the angels, all so glorious,
On the outer circle stand;
While the souls by faith victorious
Are a nearer, dearer band.

Then while months and years are taking,
Like a dream, their flight away,
If they bring me but the breaking
Of the one eternal day,

I will not regret their fleetness,
Nor hold fast to things below:
I will only ask a meetness
For the bliss to which I go.

The Beauty of Heaven.

"THE TWELVE GATES WERE TWELVE PEARLS."—Rev. xxi. 21.

BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above;
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white;
Beautiful temple, God its light!
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains, that never tire;
Beautiful harps, through all the choir!
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

Beautiful crowns on every brow;
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear;
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

Beautiful throne for Christ, our King;
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease;
Beautiful home of perfect peace!
There shall my eyes my Saviour see.
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

A Vision of the Glories of Heaven.

"God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit."— 1 Cor. ii. 10.

BRIGHT glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wondering eyes, —
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies.

All hail! ye fair, celestial shores,
  Ye lands of endless day:
A rich delight your prospect pours,
  And drives my griefs away.

There's a delightful clearness now;
  My clouds of doubt are gone:
Fled is my former darkness too;
  My fears are all withdrawn.

Short is the passage, short the space,
  Between my home and me:
There, there behold the radiant place!
  How near the mansions be!

Immortal wonders, boundless things,
  In those dear worlds appear:
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
  And in those glories share.

Heaven a Land of Beauty.

"A Land of Rivers of Waters."—Deut. x. 7.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove, —
Those gloomy doubts that rise, —
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes; —

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor Death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

DR. ISAAC WATTS. — [1674–1748.]

Dr. Watts wrote this inimitable hymn in early life, in the beautiful town of Southampton, and in a spot, it is said, whence he enjoyed a charming prospect of the Isle of Wight; to which circumstance allusion seems to be made in the third and fourth stanzas.

The Rapture of seeing Heaven.

"THE STREET OF THE CITY WAS PURE GOLD." — Rev. xxi. 21.

WE speak of the realms of the blessed,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed:
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathways of gold;
Its walls decked with jewels so rare;
Its wonders and pleasures untold:
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care;
From trials without and within:
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love;
The robes which the glorified wear·
The church of the first-born above:
But what must it be to be there?

Do thou, Lord, midst sorrow and woe,
Still for heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

Heaven in Prospect.

'THEY SHALL BEHOLD THE LAND THAT IS VERY FAR OFF."—Isa. xxxiii. 17.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

No clouds those blissful regions know,
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

Oh, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above!

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

ANNE STEELE. — [1716–1778.]

Heaven our Blessed Home.

"AT THY RIGHT HAND ARE PLEASURES FOREVERMORE." — Ps. xvi. 21.

THERE is a blessed home,
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace, —
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs, that never cease,
Within its portals swell:

Around its glorious throne,
  Ten thousand saints adore
Christ with the Father one
  And Spirit evermore.

Oh joy, all joy beyond,
  To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
  In hands and feet and side;
To give to him the praise
  Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
  The great things he hath done!

Look up, ye saints of God!
  Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
  Of daily toil and woe.
Wait but a little while
  In uncomplaining love:
His own most gracious smile
  Shall welcome you above.

Ah! 'tis Heaven at Last.

"Ye are complete in Him." — Col. ii. 10.

ANGEL-VOICES sweetly singing;
Echoes through the blue dome ringing,
News of wondrous gladness bringing:
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Sin forever left behind us;
Earthly visions cease to blind us;
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us:
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

What a city! what a glory! —
Far beyond the brightest story
Of the ages old and hoary:
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Christ himself, the living splendor;
Christ the sunlight, mild and tender:
Praises to the Lamb we render.
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

REV. JOHN M. PUTNAM.

II.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

"Come," said Jesus' sacred voice,
"Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come."

Barbauld.

The Spotless Robe of Heaven.

"Put on Thy Beautiful Garments."—Isa. lii. 1.

THE golden palace of my God
Towering above the clouds I see,
Beyond the cherubs' bright abode,
Higher than angels' thoughts can be.

How can I in those courts appear,
Without a wedding-garment on?
Conduct me, thou Life-Giver, there,
Conduct me to thy glorious throne,
And clothe me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through Sin's darksome night,
My Saviour and my God!

Thomas Moore.

The Promise of the Heavenly Mansions.

"I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU. — John xiv. 2.

LET not your hearts be troubled: ye believe
In God; believe also in me, his Son.
Doubt not but in the compass of the heavens
My Father will provide for all his saints
Mansions of peace, seats of eternal bliss,
Where spirits made perfect after death shall dwell,
And rest from earthly toils: thither I go
To seal your sure election, and prepare
For you, my faithful servants, an abode,
That, as in sorrow here, so there in bliss
With me, your Lord, now dying for your sakes,
Ye may surmount the grave, and ever live
In heavenly communion undisturbed.
Lament not, therefore, if I now depart,
Your provident Precursor; for ye know
Whither I go, and also know the way.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND. — [1732–1811.]

NOTE. — The above is taken from his epic poem, Calvary.

An Invitation to seek Heaven.

"Come with Us, and We will do Thee Good." — Genesis.

COME, let us go to heaven: the way,
Like darkness, opens into day,
When, from the turning-point of night,
Breaks the first beam of morning light.

Come, let us go to heaven. Our Guide
Is Christ who lived, is Christ who died,
And rose again: his staff and rod,
Through life and death, will lead to God.

Come, let us go to heaven; forsake
Sin, earth, and hell; and gladly take
His easy yoke, his pleasant load,
And brave the dangers of the road.

Come, let us go to heaven, and meet
Once and forever round his feet;
Yea, in Christ's kingdom, as his own,
Sit down with him upon his throne.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Heavenly Consolation.

"I AM THE LORD THAT HEALETH THEE." — Exod. xv. 26.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the shrine of God, fervently kneel.
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:
Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying;
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure:
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

THOMAS MOORE.

Waiting for Heaven.

"Willing rather to be Absent from the Body."—2 Cor. v. 8.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved, and fall:
Then, O my soul! with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word:
But, while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace ;
But we had rather see :
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

Christ the Way to Heaven.

"BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED THROUGH FAITH."

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Visions dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
In the height of heaven above,
And with angel hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move.

From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led :
All thy streets and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of his merits,
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for Christ's dear name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed forever
That his palace should be decked.

The Way to Heaven opened by Jesus Christ.

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."—John xiv. 6.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame:
Our God appeared consuming fire,
And Vengeance was his name.

Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calmed his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace.

Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son:
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the Almighty throne.

To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to the eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

Our Eternal Home in Heaven.

"How Short my Time is!"—Ps. lxxxix. 47.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home:
Life is but a winter's day,—
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms:
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in Death's cold arms.

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home:
Life is but a winter's day,—
A journey to the tomb.
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

J. Burton. [1733–1771.]

Heaven far Away.

"THE LAND THAT IS VERY FAR OFF."—Isa. xxxii. 17.

UPON the shore
Of Evermore,
We sport, like children at their play;
And gather shells
Where sinks and swells
The mighty sea from far away.

Upon that beach,
Nor voice nor speech
Doth things intelligible say;
But through our souls
A whisper rolls,
That comes to us from far away.

Into our ears
The voice of years
Comes deeper, deeper, day by day:

We stoop to hear,
As it draws near,
Its awfulness from far away.

At what it tells,
We drop the shells
We were so full of yesterday;
And pick no more
Upon that shore,
But dream of brighter far away.

And o'er that tide,
Far out and wide,
The yearnings of our souls do stray:
We long to go,
We do not know
Where it may be, but far away.

The mighty deep
Doth slowly creep
Up on the shore where we did play;
The very sand,
Where we did stand
A moment since, swept far away.

Our playmates all,
Beyond our call,
Are passing hence, as we, too, may,
Unto that shore
Of Evermore,
Beyond the boundless far away.

We'll trust the wave,
And Him to save,
Beneath whose feet as marble lay
The rolling deep;
For He can keep
Our souls in that dim far away.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

Revelation of Heaven by Faith.

"THE GLORY OF GOD DID LIGHTEN IT."—Rev. xxi. 23.

THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day:
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

There shall the favorites of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine;
Surprising honor, vast reward,
Conferred on man by Love divine.

The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light;
But these shall know no change or shade,
Forever fair, forever bright.

And shall not these cold hearts of ours
Be kindled at the glorious view?
Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
Our feeble, dying strength renew.

MRS. ANNE STEELE.

Unfolding the Gates of Heaven.

"TO DIE IS GAIN." — Phil. i. 21.

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands:
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands.

He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortals nevermore.

Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait;
And, at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessèd in their tears:
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears.
Death like an angel seemeth:
"We welcome thee!" they cry.
Their face with glory beameth;
'Tis life for them to die.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Meditation of Heaven.

"I will lift up Mine Eyes to the Hills."—Ps. xxi. 1.

MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil:
There springs of endless pleasure rise;
The waters never fail.

There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

His promise stands forever firm;
His grace shall ne'er depart:
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

Light are the pains that Nature brings:
How short our sorrows are,
When, with eternal, future things,
The present we compare!

I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

The Ransomed Spirits calling Us to Heaven.

"COME UP HITHER."—Rev. iv. 1.

"COME up hither, come away,"
Thus the ransomed spirits sing:
Here is cloudless, endless day;
Here is everlasting spring.

Come up hither; come and dwell
With the living hosts above:
Come, and let your bosoms swell
With their burning songs of love.

Come up hither; come and share
In the sacred joys that rise,
Like an ocean, everywhere
Through the myriads of the skies.

Come up hither; come and shine
In the robes of spotless white.
Palms and harps and crowns are thine:
Hither, hither, wing your flight.

Come up hither, hither speed:
Rest is found in heaven alone.
Here is all the wealth you need:
Come, and make this wealth your own.

E. H. Nevin.

Prayer for an Abode in Heaven.

"They desire a Better Country." — Heb. xii. 2.

O BEAUTEOUS God! uncircumscribed treasure
Of an eternal pleasure:
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star;
Where thou preparest a glorious place,
Within the brightness of thy face,

For every spirit
To inherit
That builds his hopes upon thy merit,
And loves thee with an holy charity.
What ravished heart, seraphic tongues or eyes,
Clear as the morning's rise,
Can speak or think or see
That bright eternity,
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper-stone!
When thou dost bind thy jewels up, that day
Remember us we, pray!
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There thou may'st appoint us place
Within the brightness of thy face;
And our soul
In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enroll,
That we may praise thee to eternity.

JEREMY TAYLOR. — [1613–1667]

NOTE. — From the Golden Grove of this eloquent divine.

Our Journey to Heaven.

"He careth for You."—1 Pet. v. 7.

WHEN Israel reached their home at last,
And 'neath their vines and fig-trees lay,
How sweetly, all their perils past,
Must they have mused upon God's way!
What at the time seemed hard to bear
Then could they clearly understand;
And how a Father's love and care
Each portion of their wanderings planned.

Thus, if we reach that heavenly place,
No snare to fear, no wars to wage,
Then shall we see how heavenly grace
Led us throughout our pilgrimage:
How needful was each care and cross;
How wisely our own way denied;
How mercy shielded us from loss;
How right the way, how true the Guide.

How sweet to understand his way;
What now we know not then to know;
And yield the tribute of our praise
For what mysterious seemed below!
Lord, lead us to that place of rest,
And from our own fond will defend:
Thou knowest what for us is best,
Who knowest both the way and end.

III.

THE MEETING OF FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

Oh, with what congratulations
Throng thy gates the festive nations !
What the warmth of their embracing !
What the gems thy wall enchasing !
Through that city's streets are wending
Holy throngs, their anthems blending.
There may I, with myriads glorious,
Chant thy praise in psalms victorious.

Re-union in Heaven.

"That They may be One, even as We are One." — John xvii. 22.

THIS world is bright and fair, we know:
The skies are arched in glory;
The stars shine on, the sweet flowers blow,
And tell their blessed story.

But softer than the summer's breath,
And fairer than its roses,
Will be the clime afar when Death
The pearly gate uncloses, —

The land where broken ties shall twine,
And fond hearts will not sever;
Where love's pure light shall brighter shine,
Forever and forever.

Albert Laighton.

Joining our Friends in Heaven.

"Ye are All One in Christ Jesus."—Gal. iii. 28.

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize;
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow:
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And, in our turn, must die.
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

CHARLES WESLEY. — [1708-1788.]

Passing on to Heaven.

"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH." — Rev. xxi. 4.

TIME is a river deep and wide;
And, while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away.
Where are they sped, — they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourn
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view: but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness
In visions granted oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from the viewless sphere:
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothèd sorrow dries the tear.
And sometimes listening ear may gain
Entrancing sound that hither floats,
The echo of a distant strain
Of harps and voices, blending notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest:
They've crossed Time's river; now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.

But there pure love can live, can last:
They look for us their home to share.
When we, in turn, away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river!

A Voice from Heaven.

"In Thy Light shall We see Light."—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

I SHINE in the light of God;
His image stamps my brow:
Though the shadows of death my feet have trod;
I reign in glory now.
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain;
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled, and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven;
I am one of the angel-band:
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learned the song they sing
Whom Jesus hath set free;
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sigh, no grief, no pain;
Safe in my happy home:
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come.
O friends of my mortal years!
The trusted and the true,
Ye are walking still through the valley of tears;
But I wait to welcome you.

I forget? Oh, no!
For Memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet and touch again:
Each link is strong and bright;
And Love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star
  Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
  And the storms of conflict die?
Then why should your tears run down,
  And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
  And another soul in heaven?

Infant Voices Singing Praises in Heaven.

"In Heaven their Angels do always behold the Face of My Father."—Matt. xviii. 10.

THERE is a glorious world of light
  Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
  Adore the Lord Most High.

And hark! amid the sacred songs
  Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
  Unite in perfect praise.

Those are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey:
That is the place where we shall go
If found in wisdom's way.

Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay:
Parents and children, one by one,
Must die, and pass away.

Great God, impress the serious thought
This day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest.

JANE TAYLOR.—[1783–1823.]

Children in Heaven.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT."—Mark x. 14.

IN the broad fields of heaven,
In the immortal bowers,
By Life's clear river dwelling,
Amid undying flowers,

There hosts of beauteous spirits,
Fair children of the earth,
Linked in bright bands celestial,
Sing of their human birth.

They sing of earth and heaven:
Divinest voices rise
To God, their gracious Father,
Who called them to the skies.
They all are there, — in heaven, —
Safe, safe, and sweetly blest:
No cloud of sin can shadow
Their bright and holy rest.

ANONYMOUS.

Exchanging Earth for Heaven.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY." — Job vii. 10.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes; full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin, —
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smiles of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

DR. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

NOTE. — This is the hundred and eighty-seventh hymn in the Episcopal collection, and is drawn from a longer piece first published in 1824. In a letter to me, the author says, —

"A committee was appointed by the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, in 1826, to report an addition to the hymns already in use. To

this committee, the hymn 'I would not Live Alway,' &c., was offered and rejected. The person who offered it (of course not the author) was determined to have it in the new collection, and persisted with the most influential members of the committee till he succeeded. Some years ago, a printer (Litchfield, Conn.) maintained that *he* was the author of the hymn, and induced many people to believe it. He acknowledged that I made the longer piece, which he said was a paraphrase of *his* original; and this seemed plausible. 'Authors,' he said, 'don't paraphrase their own writings.' The hymn, as it generally reads, was picked out of the poem by the person who offered it to the committee. The alterations were made by myself.

"Yours very truly, "W. W. MUHLENBERG.

The Rev. ELIAS NASON."

For the music of this beautifully sweet and pathetic hymn, see "The Social Choir," by Charles Kingsley, vol. i. p. 81.

The Joys of Heaven.

"SORROW AND MOURNING SHALL FLEE AWAY."—Isa. li. 11.

WHAT songs shall we sing on that evergreen shore
Where the blessed in Jesus unite?
"Hymns of praise to the Prince whom the angels adore;
Hymns of praise with seraphic delight."

What robes shall we wear on that evergreen shore
Where the blessed in harmony sing?
"The robes of the glorified, gleaming all o'er
With the brightness that shines from the King."

What flowers shall we cull on that evergreen shore
Where the blessed in bright raiments rove?
"Red roses and lilies that fade nevermore,
Breathing bliss through the gardens of love."

What friends shall we greet on that evergreen shore
Where the blessed find blossoms so fair?
"The loved ones of Jesus, who have passed on before,
In rapture to welcome us there."

What home shall we see on that evergreen shore
Where the blessed meet those they loved here?
"The mansions of beauty, with love-light in store,
Where the King wipes away every tear."

ELIAS NASON.

Meeting of Friends in Heaven.

"Then Face to Face."—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

"Sorrowing most of all for the Words which He spake, that They should see his Face no more."—Acts xx. 38.

WHEN shall we meet again,—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never,—no, never!

When shall love freely flow
Pure as Life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never,—no, never!

Up to that world of light
  Take us, dear Saviour:
May we all there unite,
  Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
  Never, — no, never!

Crossing the River into Heaven.

"A LITTLE WHILE, AND YE SHALL SEE ME." — John xvi. 16.

OVER the river they beckon to me, —
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side:
The gleam of their snowy robes I see;
But their voices are lost by the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue:
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.

We saw not the angels that met him there ;
The gate of the city we could not see.
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, — the household pet :
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale, —
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet !
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom-bark :
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be :
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale :
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,

And, lo! they have passed from our yearning
hearts;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye:
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er Life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit, and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit-land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before:
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

MRS. NANCY A. W. WAKEFIELD.

IV.

THE HOLINESS AND REPOSE OF HEAVEN.

"THERE are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below;
There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of God."

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

The Weary in Heaven.

"His Rest shall be Glorious."—Isa. xi. 10.

AND is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh?

Are there celestial streams,
  Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel-dreams,
  And flowery banks beside?

Forever blessed they
  Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
  Amid that glorious land.

My soul would thither tend,
  While toilsome years are given:
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
  To sweet repose in heaven.

RAY PALMER, D.D.

No Weeping in Heaven.

"GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS FROM THEIR EYES."—Rev. vii. 17.

OH, what a mighty change
  Shall Jesus' sufferers know!
While o'er the happy plains we range,
  Incapable of woe.

No ill-requited love
  Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitude above,
  No sin in heaven is found.

Nor slightest touch of pain,
  Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
  Our purity of joy.
In that eternal day
  No clouds nor tempests rise:
There gushing tears are wiped away
  Forever from our eyes.

This languishing desire
  Which now for heaven we feel
Shall there delightfully expire
  In joy ineffable.
The weight of glorious bliss
  That to our share shall fall,
Not angel-tongue can half express;
  But we shall have it all.

Rest for the Weary in Heaven.

"For We which have believed do enter into Rest."—Heb. iv. 3.

IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a place of rest:
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, &c.

Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn.
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn!
There is rest, &c.

Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go:
Zion's gates will open for you;
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

No Sorrow in Heaven.

"NEITHER SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE PAIN."—Rev. xxi. 4.

LO! the seal of death is breaking;
Those who slept its sleep are waking:
Heaven opes its portals fair.
Hark! the harps of God are ringing;
Hark! the seraph's hymn is flinging
Music on immortal air.

There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love:
There the founts of life are flowing;
Flowers unknown to time are blowing
In that radiant scene above.

There no sigh of memory swelleth;
There no tear of misery welleth:
Hearts will bleed or break no more.
Past is all the cold world's scorning;
Gone the night, and broke the morning
Over all the golden shore!

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN BOOK.

The Sweet Repose of Heaven.

"THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY."—Ps. cxxvi. 15

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts that here annoy:
Then they that oft have sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more:
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

There smiling peace with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that once have sown in tears
Now reap eternal joy.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Heaven the Dwelling-Place of God.

"GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS FROM THEIR EYES."—Rev. xxi. 4.

THERE is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than noonday glories are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

It is not fanned by summer's gale,
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

No; for that world is ever bright
With purest radiance all its own:
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose:
No cloud obscures the radiant scene;
There not a tear of sorrow flows.

In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky:
It is the dwelling-place of God.

MISS TUCK. — [Of Frome, Eng.]

The Serenity of Heaven.

"The Hope Which is laid up for You in Heaven."—Col. i. 5.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found above, in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on Life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear: 'tis heaven.

There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

NOTE. — The author of this beautiful lyric died at Grantville, Mass., in 1849, aged fifty-six years.

His last words were, "I'm going; my sight is gone: wife, daughter, farewell. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." He was an earnest Christian, and has found that "peaceful rest" he so beautifully sang. His remains repose in Forest Hill-Cemetery. I give this poem as he wrote it, but with one stanza omitted.

And the Name of that City is Rest.

O BIRDS from out the East! O birds from out the West!
Have ye found that happy city in all your quest?
Tell me, tell me, from earth's wanderings may the heart find glad surcease?
Can ye show me, as an earnest, any olive-branch of peace?

I am weary of Life's troubles, of its sin, and toil, and care :
I am faithless, crushing in my heart so many a fruitless prayer.
O birds from out the East! O birds from out the West!
Can ye tell me of that city, the name of which is Rest?

Say, doth a dreamy atmosphere that blessed city crown?
Are there couches spread for sleeping, softer than the eider-down?
Does the silver sound of waters, falling 'twixt its marble walls,
Hush its solemn silence even into stiller intervals?
Doth the poppy shed its influence there, or doth the fabled moly,
With its leafy-laden Lethe, lade the eyes with slumber holy?
Do they never wake to sorrow, who, after toilsome quest,
Have entered in that city, the name of which is [Rest?

Doth the fancy wile not there for aye? Is the
restless soul's endeavor
Hushed in a rhythm of solemn calm forever and
forever?
Are human natures satisfied of their intense desire?
Is there no more good beyond to seek, or do they
not aspire?
But weary, weary of the ore within its yellow sun,
Do they lie, and eat its lotus-leaves, and dream
Life's toil is done?
Oh! tell me, do they there forget what here hath
made them blest?
Nor sigh again for home and friends in the city
namèd Rest?

O little birds! fly East again; O little birds! fly
West:
Ye have found no happy city in all your weary
quest.
Still shall ye find no spot of rest wherever ye may
stray!
And still, like you, the weary soul must wing its
weary way.

There sleepeth no such city within the wide earth's bound,
Nor hath the dreaming fancy yet its blissful portals found:
We are but children, crying here upon a mother's breast
For life and peace and blessedness, and for eternal [rest.

Blessed God, I hear a still, small voice above Life's clamorous din,
Saying, "Faint not, thou weary one, thou yet may'st enter in:"
That city is prepared for those who well do win the fight,
Who tread the wine-press till its blood hath washed their garments white.
Within it is no darkness, nor any baleful flower
Shall there oppress thy weeping eyes with stupefying power.
It lieth calm within the light of God's peace-giving breast:
Its walls are called Salvation; the city's name is Rest.

HYMNS OF THE AGES.

Rest in Heaven Alone.

THIS IS NOT YOUR REST."—Micah ii. 10.

MY home is in heaven, my rest is not here:
Then why should I murmur when trials appear?
Be hushed, my dark spirit: the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for thee to be seeking thy bliss,
And building thy hopes, in a region like this:
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow:
I would not recline upon roses below.
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever on Jesus's breast.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. — [1793–1847.]

The Repose of Heaven.

"Oh, had I Wings like a Dove!" — Ps. lvi. 6.

OH, had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to thy presence above!
How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in thy sheltering breast!

Ah! there the wild tempest forever shall cease:
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace.
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart, —
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

Soon, soon, may this Eden of promise be mine!
Rise, bright Sun of glory, no more to decline!
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers:
Oh! what will it be when the fulness appears?

Heavenly Repose our Support in Trouble.

"We glory in Tribulations."—Rom. v. 3.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall:
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Dr. Isaac Watts.

Perfect Rest in Heaven.

"There the Weary be at Rest."—Job xxxi. 17.

REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now.

Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye:
Through these parched lips of thine, no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing!
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

'Twas sown in weakness here ;
'Twill then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

HORATIUS BONAR. — [1810.]

Heaven Free from Sorrow.

"THIS MORTAL MUST PUT ON IMMORTALITY." — 1 Cor. xv. 53.

NO sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair,
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eye, no broken hearts, are there.

Care has no home
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song:
Its tossing billows break, and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit-throng.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep:
No bed of death enduring Love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul.
Look up, thou stricken one: thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to trace the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day?

No Sin in Heaven.

"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE CURSE." — Rev. xxii. 3.

THIS is not my place of resting:
Mine's a city yet to come.
Onward to it I am hasting, —
On to my eternal home.

In it all is light and glory ;
O'er it shines a nightless day :
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

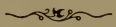
There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary ;
Soon we bid farewell to pain,
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR, of Kelso, Scotland.

V.

THE FELICITIES OF HEAVEN.



"The favored of their Judge in triumph move
To take possession of their thrones above;
To crop the roses of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth;
To swim in seas of bliss; to strike the string,
And lift the voice, to their almighty King;
To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise."

EDWARD YOUNG.

["*The Las' Day*," *Book III.*]

The Pure River of Heaven.

"He showed Me a Pure River of Water of Life, Clear as Crystal."—Rev. xxii. 1.

THERE is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.
This stream doth water Paradise:
It makes the angels sing.
One cordial drop revives my heart,
Hence all my joys do spring.

Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis concealed,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me revealed.

I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy richest love;
My soul doth leap: but oh for wings,—
The wings of Noah's dove!
Then would I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin;
Then would my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

BIBLE HYMN-BOOK.

The Mansions of Heaven.

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS."—John xiv. 2.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise.

Glad within these blest abodes
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

Once, indeed, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears:
These, alas! full well they knew,
Sad companions of their way;
Oft on them the tempest blew
Through the long and cheerless day.

Oft their vileness they deplored,—
Wills perverse and hearts untrue;
Grieved they had not loved the Lord,—
Loved as they had wished to do:
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

DR. THOMAS RAFFLES. — [1788.]

The Bright Array of Heaven.

"WHAT ARE THESE WHICH ARE ARRAYED IN WHITE ROBES?"—Rev. vii. 13.

WHAT are these in bright array?—
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day
Hymning their triumphant song,—
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessings, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain
New dominion every hour"?

These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came:
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed:
Them the Lamb amid the throne
Shall to living fountains lead.
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears:
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Joys of Heaven.

"THEY SUNG AS IT WERE A NEW SONG."—Rev. xiv. 3.

ANGEL choirs on high are singing,
To the Lord their praises bringing,
Yielding him in royal beauty
Heart and voice, in love and duty;
Waving wings the throne surrounding,
Timbrels, harps, and bells are sounding.
See their heavenly vestments glisten;
To their heavenly music listen:

Hear them, by the Godhead staying,
Holy, holy, holy, saying.

None that grieveth or complaineth
In that heavenly land remaineth:
Every voice, in concord joining,
Holy praise to God combining.
Holy love their minds disposeth;
Heavenly light to all discloseth
Blessed Three in God united.
Seraphs worshipping delighted,
Sweet affection overflowing;
Cherubim their reverence showing,
Bowing low, their pinions folding,
God's majestic throne beholding.

Oh, what fair and heavenly region!
Oh, what bright and glorious legion!
Saints and angels all excelling,
In that glorious city dwelling,
Which in rest divine reposeth,
And sweet light and peace discloseth.
Every one who there resideth
Clad in purity abideth;

Charity their spirits joining,
Firm in unity combining;
Toil nor ignorance undergoing,
Trouble nor temptation knowing;
Always health and joy undying
To them every good supplying.

THOMAS À KEMPIS. — [1380–1471.]

NOTE. — From the Latin, —

"Astant angelorum chori,
Laudes cantant Creatori,
Regem cernunt in decore,
Amant corde, laudant ore," &c.

of the celebrated Thomas à Kempis, author of the "Imitation of Christ." and translated by Erastus C. Benedict. — See "Mediæval Hymns," p. 122.

A Song of Triumphant Ones in Heaven.

"THESE ARE THEY WHICH CAME OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION, AND HAVE WASHED THEIR ROBES." — Rev. vii. 14.

LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue, redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame:
From all their labors now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin nor pain nor death deplore:
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace:
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannahs raise, —

"Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,"
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN BOOK.

An Echo of Heaven.

"The Lamb is the Light thereof."—Rev. xxi. 23.

OH! who will show me those delights on high?
Echo.—I.
Thou, Echo? Thou art mortal, all men know.
Echo.—No.
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo.—Leaves.
And are there any leaves that still abide?
Echo.—Bide.
What leaves are they? Impart the matter wholly.
Echo.—Holy.
Are holy leaves the echo, then, of bliss?
Echo.—Yes.
Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?
Echo.—Light.
Light to the mind: what shall the will enjoy?
Echo.—Joy.

But are there cares and business with the pleasure?
Echo. — Leisure.
Light, joy, and leisure! but shall they persevere?
Echo. — Ever.

GEORGE HERBERT. — [1593–1632.]

No Night in Heaven.

"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE." — Rev. xxi. 25.

HERE there is darkness,
Here there is gloom,
Sorrow and sighing,
Death and the tomb.
There ever reigneth
Day without night:
Grief cannot enter;
Death cannot blight.

No night of weariness,
No night of sin;
How my soul longeth
That day to begin!

Day everlasting,
God is its light;
Glory eternal
Beams on the night.

Joyous activity,
Needing no rest;
Holy affections
Filling the breast:
Voices harmonious,
Song ever new,
Giving Him glory
To whom it is due!

To living fountains,
Led by the Lamb,
Alpha, Omega,
The boundless I Am.
On his face gazing,
Tearless for aye:
How my heart boundeth
At thought of that day!

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

'THINE EYES SHALL SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY."—Isa. xxxiii. 17.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove;
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things, —

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

Oh for a sight, a pleasant sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall:
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

Oh, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

NOTE. — This is one of the sublimest of the inspirations of the prince of sacred lyric poetry.

The Praises of Heaven.

"ALLELUIA! SALVATION AND GLORY AND HONOR AND POWER UNTO THE LORD OUR GOD." — Rev. xix. 1.

LIGHT'S abode, celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the highest King:
Oh, how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing!

There forever and forever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken,
Is the feast-day of the Lord:
All is pure, and all is holy,
That within thy walls is stored.

There no cloud nor passing vapor
Dims the brightness of the air:
Endless noonday, glorious noonday,
From the Sun of suns is there.
There no night brings rest from labor,
For unknown are toil and care.

Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong and free,
Full of vigor, full of pleasure,
That shall last eternally!

Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,

That hereafter these thy labors
  May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
  Thou with brightness be arrayed.

Laud and honor to the Father,
  Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
  Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
  While unending ages run.

THE CHURCH HYMNAL.

The Music of Heaven.

"THE REDEEMED OF THE LORD SHALL RETURN, AND COME WITH SINGING UNTO ZION."—Isa. li. 11.

OH! sing to me of heaven,
  When I am called to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
  To waft my soul on high.

When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness:
Let heaven begin below.

When the last moment comes,
Oh! watch my dying face,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.

Then, to my ravished ears,
Let one sweet song be given:
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above!

MRS. MARY S. B. DANA.

NOTE. — Author of the popular song, "I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger," etc.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

"With White Robes, and Palms in Their Hands. — Rev. vii. 9.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light, —
Priests and kings and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amid the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom: it is thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords."

Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood, that made them so.

Who are these? On earth they dwelt:
Sinners, once, of Adam's race;
Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah, when we, like them, must die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—[1771-1854.]

The Songs of Heaven.

"THEY SUNG A NEW SONG."—Rev. v. 9.

HARK! how the choral song of heaven
Swells full of peace and joy above!
Hark! how they strike their golden harps,
And raise the tuneful notes of love!

No anxious care nor thrilling grief,
No deep despair nor gloomy woe,
They feel, when high their lofty strains,
In noblest, sweetest concord, flow.

When shall we join the heavenly host
  Who sing Immanuel's praise on high,
And leave behind our doubts and fears,
  To swell the chorus of the sky?

Oh! come, thou rapture-bringing morn,
  And usher in the joyful day:
We long to see thy rising sun
  Drive all these clouds of grief away.

NOTE.—These inspiring words are admirably adapted to the tune of "Park Street," by Venua.

Leaving Earthly for Heavenly Splendor.

"THE LORD SHALL BE THINE EVERLASTING LIGHT."—Isa. lx. 20

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
  With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon
  Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
  In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
  No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
  Of my divine abode, —
The pavement of those heavenly courts
  Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
  Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
  With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
  Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
  Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints
  Shall in one song unite ;
And each the bliss of all shall view
  With infinite delight.

DR. PHILIP DODDRIDGE. — [1702-1751.]

NOTE. — This is one of the author's very noblest hymns. As read by the late Edward Everett, its effects were surpassingly grand.

The Songs of the Blessed in Heaven.

"Salvation to Our God which sitteth upon the Throne, and to the Lamb."—Rev. vii. 10.

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem
Of everlasting halls!
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.

Thou art the golden mansion
Where saints forever sing, —
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

There God forever sitteth
Himself of all the Crown;
The Lamb the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

Naught to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest:
They sing their God forever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend:
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end!

HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

VI.

ASPIRATIONS FOR HEAVEN.

"Oh! I would fly and be at rest,
Far, far beyond each glittering sphere
That hangs upon the azure breast
Of all we know of heaven here.
There would I rest, beneath that throne
Whose glorious circle gilds the sky,
Where sits Jehovah, who alone
Can wipe the mourner's weeping eye."

Longing for Heaven.

"My Flesh longeth for Thee in a Dry and Thirsty Land."—Ps. lxiii. 1.

TIME, thou speedest on but slowly:
Hours, how tardy is your pace,
Ere with Him, the high and holy,
I hold converse face to face!
Here is naught but care and mourning:
Comes a joy, it will not stay.
Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
Night will soon o'ercloud the day.

Onward, then! not long I wander
Ere my Saviour comes for me;
And with him abiding yonder,
All his glory I shall see.

Oh, the music and the singing
Of the host redeemed by love!
Oh, the hallelujahs ringing
Through the halls of light above!

LYRA GERMANICA.

At Home with God in Heaven.

"SO SHALL WE EVER BE WITH THE LORD."—1 Thess. iv. 17.

FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be.
Life from the dead is in that word:
'Tis immortality.

Here in this body pent,
Absent from Him, I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to Faith's discerning eye
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love, —
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

"Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand:
Then can I never fail.
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Beatific Vision of Christ in Heaven.

"REJOICING IN HOPE." — Rom. iv. 12.

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

There where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blessed abode:
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

The Blessedness of Heaven.

"In this We groan, being burdened."—2 Cor. v. 2, 4.

I AM weary of straying: Oh! fain would I rest
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest;
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever have fled.

I am weary of hoping where hope is untrue,—
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew:
I long for that land whose blest promise alone
Is changeless and sure as Eternity's throne.

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth.
O'er the pangs of the loved, that we cannot assuage;
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

There flowers of grace in beauty stand,
With fragrance of immortal bloom:
No blighting breath nor icy hand
Demands their sweetness for the tomb.

Sweet, sinless home! my spirit longs
To mount the skies, and breathe thine air;
With grateful heart to join the songs
Whose rolling tide flows ceaseless there.

MRS. HINSDALE.

Aspirations for God and Heaven.

"NEAR UNTO HIM."—Ps. cxlviii. 14.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my songs shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear
Steps into heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wings,
  Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
  Upward I fly,
Still all my songs shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee.

MISS SARAH F. ADAMS.

The Wanderer's Home in Heaven.

"THEY WERE STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS."—Heb. xi. 13.

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger:
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
Do not detain me; for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
  I'm a pilgrim, &c.

There the sunbeams are ever shining:
I am longing, I am longing, for the sight.
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

Of that country to which I am going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer, is the light:
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

MRS. MARY S. B. DANA.

NOTE. — For the beautiful Italian melody to which this hymn is set, see "The Northern Harp," p. 54.

My Home in Heaven.

"WE HAVE NO CONTINUING CITY; BUT WE SEEK ONE TO COME." — Heb. xiii. 14.

I'M but a stranger here:
Heaven is my home.
Earth is a desert drear:
Heaven is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand:
Heaven is my fatherland,
  Heaven is my home.

What though the tempest rage?
  Heaven is my home.
Short is my pilgrimage:
  Heaven is my home.
And Time's wild, wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last:
  Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not:
  Heaven is my home.
Whate'er my earthly lot,
  Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my fatherland,
  Heaven is my home.

T. R. Taylor.

Note. — An appropriate tune for this beautiful song of the Fatherland is "Bethany," by Dr. Lowell Mason. See "Songs for Social and Public Worship," p. 234.

Panting to Behold the Glories of Heaven.

"And I, John, saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God."—Rev. xxi. 2.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Oh when, thou city of my God!
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour, stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my sorrows have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

JAMES MONTGOMERY'S "CHRISTIAN PSALMIST."

NOTE. — This celebrated hymn, which in its present form has been in use about a century, is drawn from an old lyric, commencing,

"O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?"

sometimes ascribed to David Dickson [1583–1662]. Mr. William Reed Deane, however, has a copy of the hymn, printed in 1592; and hence its English origin must have been earlier than generally supposed. It is doubtless, in its English form, a translation of some mediæval Latin hymn, whose spirit, sentiments, and expressions were drawn from the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Augustine's "Meditations," or perhaps directly from the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters of the Apocalypse. See "O mother dear, Jerusalem!" by William C. Prime, New York, 1865; and "The Story of a Hymn," by Horatius Bonar, in "The Excelsior," vol. i. p. 251.

The Effulgence of Heaven.

"He shall bless Thee in the Land."—Deut. xxviii. 8.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Oh the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock and hill, and brook and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day,
Where God the Son forever reigns.
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

DR. SAMUEL STENNETT. — [1727–1795.]

NOTE. — Though an imitation of "There is a land of pure delight," by Dr. Watts, still this hymn is very beautiful and joyous.

Heavenly Conversation.

"OUR CONVERSATION IS IN HEAVEN." — Phil. iii. 20.

WHILE through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share ;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

From earth his freed affections rise
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.

Oh, there may we our treasure place !
There let our hearts be found,
That still where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound !

Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne :
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

NOTE: —

"Montgomery seeks a hallowed lyre,
To consecrate the poet's name.
How pure is inspiration's fire,
When blessed religion fans the flame ! "

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

The Dawn of Heaven Breaking.

"Open Ye the Gates."—Isa. xxvi. 2.

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn—awakes.
Dark, dark, hath been the midnight:
But dayspring is at hand;
And glory, glory, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

There the red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartmost bloom,
And fills the air of heaven
With ravishing perfume.
Oh! to behold it blossom,
While by its fragrance fanned,
Where glory, glory, dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

The King there, in his beauty,
Without a veil is seen:
"It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between."
The Lamb, with his fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand;
And glory, glory, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

O Christ! he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love.
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand;
And glory, glory, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Fair Anworth by the Solway,
To me thou art still dear:
E'en from the verge of heaven,
I drop for thee a tear.

Oh! if one soul from Anworth
  Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens
  In Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on towards heaven,
  'Gainst storm and wind and tide:
Now like a weary traveller
  That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
  While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
  From Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment
  My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
  Were lustred with his love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
  I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
  In Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garments,
But her dear bridegroom's face:
I will not gaze at glory,
But at my King of grace;
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his piercèd hand.
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

NOTE. — The author's last words were, "Glory, glory, dwelleth in Immanuel's land!" The sentiments, and many of the expressions, are his; the poetry is by another hand.

Coming Nearer to Heaven.

"NOW IS OUR SALVATION NEARER." — Rom. xiii. 11.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearing gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads me at last to the light.

Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith:
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death.

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now, than I think.

ALICE CAREY. — [1820-—.]

Aspiring for the Joys of Heaven.

"I PRESS TOWARDS THE MARK FOR THE PRIZE." — Phil. iii. 14.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And, whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes:
Oh for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

Praise of the Heavenly Country.

"COME HITHER, I WILL SHEW THEE THE BRIDE, THE LAMB'S WIFE."
—Rev. xxi. 9.

O Zion so golden! O city so pure!
Thy beauty and brightness, what heart can endure?
I know not, I know not, the joy and the light
Which in thy grand portals will burst on my sight;
And, vanquished, I falter to utter thy praise,
Am conquered, exhausted, thy glories to raise.

Fair Zion! thy halls are resounding with song,
Full, full of the pæans of earth's martyred throng,
Bright bands of the blessed, their Prince stands between,
And shining the city with light aye serene.

There pastures are flowing in unfading spring;
And there is the throne of the Lamb and the King;
And there is the sound of the song and the feast;
And there are the saints, and there is the Priest;
And there in our Zion, in calm, holy seats,
A Leader in splendor his loved people meets.

O city eternal! built safe on the shore,
Thy walls and thy turrets shine white evermore:
I seek thee, and cherish. I mourn and I long
For thy beauties, which kindle yet baffle my song.

But not by my merits I ask for thy breath;
For by merit 'tis mine to perish in death.
But the fountain of David flows onward with me,
Still speeding and surging to its shoreless sea,
Aye healing and cleaning wherever it laves;
And the vilest of earth shall be washed by its waves.

BERNARD DE CLUGNY.

NOTE. — The above extract is from a translation of Bernard's elegant Latin poem, by A. O. M., 1859, and published by Joel Munsell, Albany, 1870. The translation commences with the Latin: —

"Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangetur, hic breve fletur,
Non breve vivere, non breve plangere, retribuetur,

and is very ably made.

A Little While, — then Heaven.

"SURELY I COME QUICKLY: AMEN. EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS."
Rev. xxii. 20.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

Heaven Near.

"THE PRECIOUS THINGS OF HEAVEN."—Deut. xiii. 13.

MY days are gliding swiftly by;
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
For now we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

Our absent King the watchword gave,
"Let every lamp be burning:"
We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.
For now we stand, &c.

Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow;
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
"There's glory on the morrow."
For now we stand, &c.

Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each cord on earth to sever,
There, bright and joyous in the skies,
There, is our home forever.
For now we stand, &c.

DR. NELSON

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